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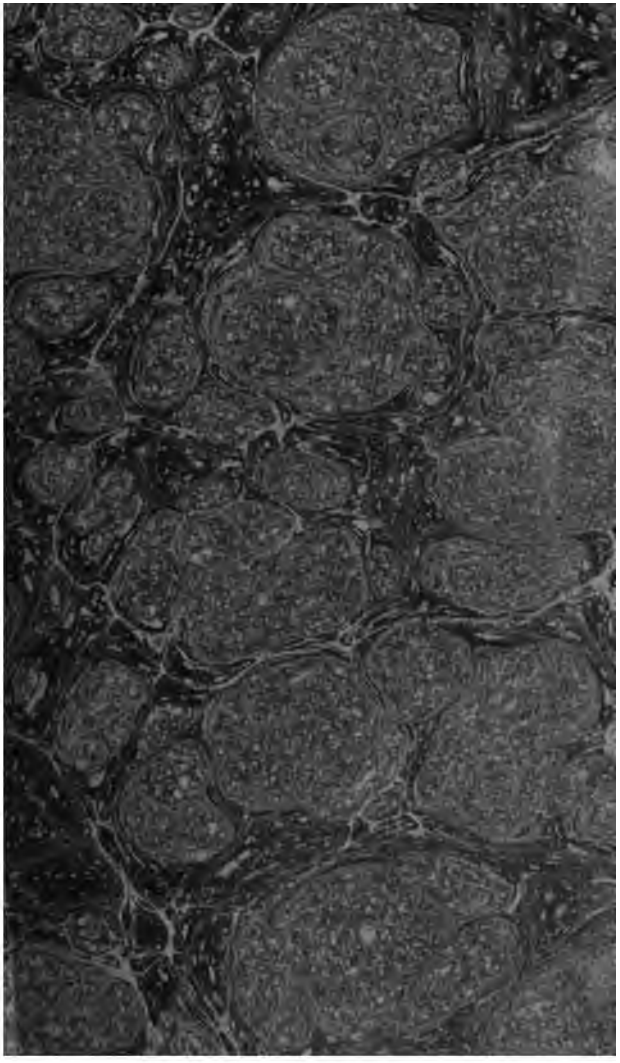
Hastings Nathaniel Middleton



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POEMS

AND

PLAYS,

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed by Luke Hansard,
For NORNAVILLE and FELL, Successors to
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FOURTH VOLUME.

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THE

PECKHAM FROLIC:

OR

NELL GWYN.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

TO

JOHN PENN, Esquire.

Sir,

WHEN this doubtful species of Comedy was first published, you offered your opinion in favour of its legitimacy: the declaration of so eminent a judge naturally suggests to me the idea of placing this little Drama under your immediate Protection. Whoever aspires to excellence in the dramatic art, will receive ample information from the valuable Notes you have added to your elegant Imitation

of the Horatian Epistle to the Pisos. Be side your other just claims to poetica distinction, every lover of Poetry mus applaud the liberal hand which erecte a splendid monument in Stoke-Park, t the memory of GRAY.

I have the honour to be
your obedient
humble servant,

EDWARD JERNINGHAM

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following dramatic *whim* having afforded some amusement to a small but polished and enlightened circle, the author is tempted to offer it to the candour of a more extensive tribunal.

CHARACTERS.

THE KING,

LORD ROCHESTER,

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY,

THOMAS KILLIGREW,

SIR OLIVER LUKE,

ANN KILLIGREW, afterwards LADY LUKE,

NELL GWYN,

Servants, &c.

The Scene is laid at Peckham, in Surrey, where Charles the Second frequently resided with some select companions.

THE

PECKHAM FROLIC.

ACT THE FIRST.

.....

Enter Nell Gwyn *and* Killigrew.

KILLIGREW.

THE KING, I find, is not expected to-day.

NELL GWYN. My hero is gone to the Olympic games at Newmarket; nor do I know when he will return.

KILLIGREW. That is unfortunate; for I understand that Sir Oliver Luke, the formal knight who was created by Cromwell, is coming here to present a petition by the King's appointment.

NELL GWYN. 'Tis very true.

KILLIGREW. What can we do with this ragged remnant of the commonwealth?

NELL GWYN. I intend to keep him till the King returns.

KILLIGREW. He will be a projecting rock, and break the flowing course of our merriment.

NELL GWYN. Perhaps not: I have been forming a scheme, in the prosecution of which I must beg your assistance. I mean to sacrifice this Cromwelian calf at the altar of Hymen.

KILLIGREW. Who is to be the priestess at this altar?

NELL GWYN. Your maiden aunt, Ann Killigrew.

KILLIGREW. Impossible! you cannot be serious.

NELL GWYN. I beg your attention for a moment:—Ann Killigrew has been invariably my friend. Long before I was the Infanta's deputy, she was zealous in my service: she encouraged my propensity to comedy, flattered my feeble talent, and obtained my admission to the stage.

KILLIGREW. But what has this to do with her marrying Sir Oliver?

NELL GWYN. Suppress your impatience:—you shall know in a moment. My friend has laughed away 45 years, inattentive to her interest, and careless of her income, which, like a glittering bubble, glided down the stream so fast, till at length it burst. I propose, that, in

this shipwreck of her fortune, the Oliverian Knight shall save her from sinking.---Thus I have an opportunity offered me of repaying her friendship.

KILLIGREW. This is one of your whimsical flights, an airy child of your creation----a chimera.

NELL GWYN. No chimera, I assure you: Sir Oliver will most certainly apply to the intervention of my good offices for the success of his memorial: I shall freely promise him my interest; and shall intimate to him, at the same time, that a matrimonial connection with some royalist would smooth every obstacle to his petition; as it would be a proof to the King of the truth of his political conversion.

KILLIGREW. I allow that the avaricious knight will be governed by his interest: but how will you induce the lady to connect herself with this formal old batchelor? take my word she will never relish a feast composed of such obsolete ingredients.

NELL GWYN. The person, my dear Killigrew, who waits for dinner, till it is very late, without having taken any intervening refreshment, is not exacting or fastidious concerning the cookery. Direct the application to Ann Killigrew, and you

will not, I think, despair of my obtaining her consent.---I hear a carriage; it is most likely the Knight, with his formality and his memorial. I beg you will receive him, and inform him of my royal injunction, to stay here till the arrival of his Majesty. As to the matrimonial negociation, leave that entirely to me.

KILLIGREW. Depend upon it you will not succeed, in assimilating such incongruities, as the formal Knight and the laughter-loving dame, Ann Killigrew.

NELL GWYN. If I do not succeed, the negociating part will divert me: in the comedy of life, as well as of the theatre, I require some under plot beside the main design---Adieu. (*Exit.*

KILLIGREW. Though I have nothing to do with the negociation, I may perhaps be able to chisel away some rough parts of the moving statue.

Enter Servant, and announces Sir Oliver Luke.

KILLIGREW. I am ordered, Sir Oliver, to do the honours of this mansion, and to welcome you to Peckham---my name is Killigrew.

SIR OLIVER. I am proud to form an acquaintance with so celebrated a young gentleman.

KILLIGREW. I did not expect flattery from

the lips of Sir Oliver Luke: but you speak the language of the country you now honour with your presence.

Sir Oliver. There, Mr. Killigrew, you touch the difficulty under which I labour. To the language of Peckham, its manners, its usages, its habits, I am an ignorant foreigner.

Killigrew. Do not be disheartened on that account; we shall be happy to naturalize you among us. In the first place, I have to inform you, that the beautiful lady of this mansion insists upon your remaining here, till his Majesty returns.

Sir Oliver. Business of great importance, I presume, detains him, as his Majesty appointed me to be here this morning.

Killigrew. My good Sir Oliver, as you are not a shepherdess, you must not expect the royal shepherd to be scrupulously exact to his appointment with you; and, as you are a-going to be a member of the Peckham Club, I will take the liberty of asking a few preliminary questions, which compose, as it were, a qualifying test to your initiation.

Sir Oliver. I am ready and proud to answer any question made me by Mr. Killigrew.

Killigrew. Can you, Sir Oliver, pour down

a bumper to the King's health, without coug ing ?

SIR OLIVER. I can assure you I am a perfe proselyte, as to that ceremony.

KILLIGREW. Can you bear the sight of bishop ?

SIR OLIVER. I must confess, Mr. Killigre that my mind still revolts at the lawn sleeve ; b I presume I shall not meet with any of that ord in this mansion.

KILLIGREW. Most assuredly not: the Que of Peckham is rather a dissenter in that par cular; she has no communication with the epi copacy.

SIR OLIVER. I should imagine it would be use to me to study with some attention the roy almanack.

KILLIGREW. I shall beg leave to recomme to your notice a Court Calendar that I am cor piling, in which you will meet with innumer ble red-letter days and holy-days; but no sain some martyrs, and scarce one virgin.

SIR OLIVER. You there gave a specimen of tl idiom that obtains under this roof, of which I not possess the first elements.

KILLIGREW. The language spoken here is tl same as is used at Whitehall; and it is a le

guage acquired without much difficulty, as it is not very copious: for example, we have but two vowels which govern our whole alphabet, and they are *U* and *I:* but *U* is always kept in slavish subjection to *I*.

Sir Oliver. I am not so dull, but that I can guess a little at your meaning, and shall avail myself of your instructions.

Killigrew. Here then concludes our first lesson; but, before we are interrupted, permit me, Sir Oliver, to make you an offer of my interest with his Majesty, with whom I am in the habit of intimacy.

Sir Oliver. My gratitude binds me to you for ever. I regret it is not in my insignificant power to make you a return.

Killigrew. Indeed, my dear Sir Oliver, you have it in your power to serve me: I am now going to speak in the most undisguised manner; and I must tell you, that, although I reside at Whitehall, and bask as it were in the very rays of royalty, I am sorry to add, that no silver rivulets refresh the torrid region---no golden showers descend. The pipes and conductors of the royal stream sleep in disgraceful repose---the playful fountains of royal remuneration glitter no more to the garish day.

Sir Oliver. I beg, Mr. Killigrew, you will indulge me with a commentary; for I do not comprehend one word of your text.

Killigrew. I am at present, like the rest of my brethren the courtiers, not in a state of the greatest affluence; and if I could obtain from your generosity the sum of five hundred pounds, you would essentially serve me: this act of complacency would operate in your regard like a magician; it would immediately mature our commencing friendship, and invigorate my zeal for your interest.

Sir Oliver. *(Aside.)* What must I do with this beggarly royalist? I must not let his intimacy with the King act to my disfavour.

Killigrew. Well, Sir Oliver, have you lost the powers of speech? I hope his Majesty will not take up so much considering-time in granting the object of your memorial.

Sir Oliver. I accede to your request, and will, in a few days, supply you with the sum you demand.

Killigrew. Which sum I will repay in as many months, upon my honour.

Sir Oliver. That is sufficient.

Enter Sir Charles Sedley.

Killigrew. Give me leave, Sir Charles, to

present you to my worthy friend, Sir Oliver Luke.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. The Queen of our society sent me here on purpose to have that honour.

KILLIGREW. Sir Oliver, this is the gentleman of whom Rochester says,

> "Sedley has that prevailing gentle art
> "That can, with a resistless charm, impart
> "The softer wishes to the chastest heart."

SIR OLIVER. I am proud to take Sir Charles Sedley by the hand: I know he is one of the most splendid stars of the court.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. I am in doubt whether or no I shall be vain of that compliment; for since, Sir Oliver, you denominate us courtiers stars, it seems as if you thought our whole crowded constellation made at most a brilliant night, since the sun of the commonwealth is gone down.

SIR OLIVER. Indeed, Sir Charles, I meant no such thing.

KILLIGREW. Sedley, you are too severe with my friend. Sir Oliver acknowledges his past errors: he wishes to be a convert, and has chosen me for his confessor.

Sir Charles Sedley. Let me also put a hand to this good work: I think, Killigrew, between you and me, our catechumen will soon acquire the necessary qualifications.

Sir Oliver. I am sure, under such professors, even a scholar as dull as myself cannot fail of making a rapid progress.

Sir Charles Sedley. And if you should not make a rapid progress, it matters not; since your masters take no entrance-money.

Sir Oliver. *(Aside.)* That is not strictly true: one master has made me pay five hundred pounds entrance.

Killigrew. Suppose, Sedley, we give our pupil a cursory knowledge of the current expressions in our society, which are stamped with our peculiar meaning. For example, Sir Oliver, when we speak of a lady's monster, we always mean the lady's husband.

Sir Charles Sedley. You will frequently hear us say, such a lady has a short memory; observe this has nothing to do with the retentive faculty in general, it only signifies that the lady is inadvertent to one small unimportant article of the matrimonial state---that is to say, the vow of fidelity.

Sir Oliver. I am apt to believe the ladies

at Whitehall are not peculiarly gifted with memory.

KILLIGREW. Bravo, Sir Oliver, you are an apt scholar.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. If you should hear us, by chance, call a man an unicorn; the meaning we apply to that term is, that the gentleman is possessed of a wife who has only once deviated from the conjugal path, and therefore he is not entitled to the full honours of the fraternity.

KILLIGREW. I think it is quite superfluous to load Sir Oliver's memory with that term; for I sincerely believe, that, among the whole herd of courtiers, there is not one single unicorn.

SIR CHARLES. We have other expressions which we admit; though, like bad coin, they scarce amount to half the value they pretend to. ---When any person among us says, 'I promise you' such a thing, we interpret that expression into a conditional value: that is to say, the person intends to keep his promise, unless some intervening objection should arise.-------Is it not so, Killigrew?

KILLIGREW. Most assuredly! Promises, with us, dissolve as easily as snow into water when the sun shines.

SIR CHARLES. Again: suppose a man b money of you, and he solemnly declares t will repay it *upon his honour:* we explain t firmative negatively.

SIR OLIVER. How negatively?

SIR CHARLES. That he means never to the money.

SIR OLIVER. Indeed!

SIR CHARLES. You appear ruffled, Sir, I say.

KILLIGREW. *(confused.)* Sir Charles, y a little at random in the last instance.

SIR CHARLES. What the devil is the n you both seem so confounded.

SIR OLIVER. I have no reason to be dist since Mr. Killigrew tells me, that a prom the circle of Whitehall, dissolves like sn fore the sun.

Enter Nell Gwyn.

SIR CHARLES. Here comes the fair deity temple.

NELL GWYN. I make no apology, Sir for not waiting upon you sooner, as I kn was in such agreeable company.

SIR OLIVER. Indeed, Madam, these gentlemen have been extremely entertaini

have also condescended to give me some instructions, of which I shall avail myself.

SIR CHARLES. You are too courteous; any information you may have received from me, is not worth the value of a groat.

SIR OLIVER. I ask your pardon, Sir Charles; your information is to me worth 500*l.*

KILLIGREW. You affix, Sir Oliver, too literal a meaning to what Sedley just now advanced.

NELL GWYN. Gentlemen, you must take another time to settle your dispute; I beg you will leave me alone with my new acquaintance, as I have something to communicate to Sir Oliver, of a private nature.

SIR CHARLES *and* KILLIGREW. We obey your commands. *(Exeunt.*

SIR OLIVER. *(Aside.)* What would our reverend elders say, if they knew I was tête-a-tête with Nell Gwyn?

NELL GWYN. I am apprised of the object of the paper you have to present to a certain great personage, and you may rely on the influence I may possess with regard to his Majesty.

SIR OLIVER. Your affability equals your beauty.

NELL GWYN. I must, however, inform you, that my warm wishes for your success will not be

powerful enough to persuade his Majesty to ac cede to a grant of such magnitude, without som strong assurance of your being a sincere and con trite convert to the royal cause.

SIR OLIVER. *(Emphatically.)* I renounce th Common-wealth.

NELL GWYN. Yes! like the shard-born beetl that creeps out of a ruin. But, to throw off th veil of disguise, I assure you, Sir Oliver, tha nothing would strengthen your interest with th King so much as the entering into a matrimo nial contact with some lady of the court.

SIR OLIVER. What young lady of the cou would stoop to a Knight of the late Commor wealth, whose age is fifty-eight?

NELL GWYN. There are ladies who hav passed their meridian, and whose years amoun ing to the number (I'll suppose) of forty-tw would easily assimilate with the number fifty eight. The two separate numbers, thus couple would summed up make exactly 42.58, whic union carries with it a good omen; for it is th number that came up the first prize in the la year's lottery.

SIR OLIVER. I am afraid, Madam, you ar bantering with your humble servant.

NELL GWYN. I never was more in earnest i

my life: I have a lady in view, who would suit you in every respect: she is about the age I mentioned; displaying a rich shew of autumnal beauty; attended by all the charms that affability, courteousness, sprightliness, and innocence, can bestow.

SIR OLIVER. You will forgive me, if I interpose a doubt concerning the last article of the inventory.

NELL GWYN. Her innocence, I suppose, you mean?

SIR OLIVER. I do!

NELL GWYN. The last article of the inventory is as much her property as her other good qualities: and, it is an additional merit to have lived so many years in the warm climate of Whitehall, without singeing the ermine of her innocence. Lord Rochester frequently compares her to an icicle hanging over the mouth of a volcano:—and take notice, Sir Oliver, that Rochester is of great authority on a subject of this nature.

SIR OLIVER. But this immaculate lady, whoever she may be, knows nothing of your humble servant.

NELL GWYN. I will perform the part of Cupid in this business: I will lay the corner-stone of this new temple of love.

SIR OLIVER. If it was the first day of April I should be apt to think, Madam, that you intended to-----You understand what I mean.

NELL GWYN. Indeed, Sir Oliver, if I had a mind to be jocular, I might say that the first of April need not take the trouble of coming for the purpose you allude to, as it would find the work already done: but I once more assure you, that I never was more resolutely in earnest. The marrying a lady for whom the King entertains the highest regard, will be the means, the only means, of promoting, the success of your memorial. The coming into a matrimonial contact with a lady of the court, will be a passport to the royal favour----it will, like the waters of Lethe wash out of remembrance your original spot of republicanism.

SIR OLIVER. I begin to think you are giving me wholesome advice----But may I not inquire who the fair incognita is you intend for my bride?

NELL GWYN. I am happy to observe this youthful impatience in you---nevertheless, you shall not know who your bride is, till you are introduced to her: which will be in the course of a few hours.

SIR OLIVER. I confess there is something romantic in all this, which does not displease me.

NELL GWYN. You shall have reason to boast the power of your attraction. The icicle, which did not melt as it hung over the Whitehall volcano, shall dissolve before the firebrand of the Common-wealth: don't knit your brow, Sir Oliver, it does not become you---Indulge my frolicsome manner of talking: no reproach, no retrospective censure was intended. Look upon me as your friend----Adieu. I advise you, Sir Oliver, to go into the garden, and meditate among the flowers: the perfume of the aromatic tribe softens the heart and disposes it to love; it stimulates the imagination, and tinges it with all the bright diversity of colouring----To the following lines Sir John Davies attempered his lyre, in the days of the Virgin Queen.

"'Tis said that odours purify the brain,
"Awake the fancy, and the soul refine:
"Hence Old Devotion incense did ordain,
"To make man's spirits apt for thoughts divine."

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND.

.....

Enter Ann Killigrew *and* Nell Gwyn.

ANN KILLIGREW.

It is impossible not to laugh at this mad scheme of your's.

Nell Gwyn. You ought to laugh, for you are the winner---consider his immense fortune.

Ann Killigrew. How came the knight so easily into your toils?

Nell Gwyn. I led him to think, that his marrying a lady of the court would be the only method of accomplishing the object of his petition.

Ann Killigrew. But I beg you will give me a short catalogue of the qualities of my bride groom.

Nell Gwyn. In the first place he has the character of good nature: as for his wit, I have not much to boast of; you, my dear, have enough of that commodity to serve you both.

ANN KILLIGREW. How is his person.

NELL GWYN. His person observes a strict neutrality between invitation and disgust.

ANN KILLIGREW. Well, as long as he is rich and perfectly good humoured---

NELL GWYN. I make no doubt but your dexterity will enable you to mould this republican lump into any form you please. I must, however, not forget to acquaint you, that he made a very penetrating inquiry into your moral character; and, though he hesitated belief, I convinced him at last of the purity of your conduct.

ANN KILLIGREW. Indeed, my dear, I cannot but smile at the having you for a witness of my virgin innocence.

NELL GWYN. This witness, however, has effectually served you. My friendship in this instance triumphed over all my suspicions.

ANN KILLIGREW. I am obliged to your friendship, but not to your suspicions.

NELL GWYN. Pretty innocent! are then my suspicions groundless?

ANN KILLIGREW. Though it is impossible to frain from laughing, at the arch look you now assume, and the significant tone of voice you gave to the last question: yet, the giddy, laugh-

ter-loving, Ann Killigrew can, with truth, affirm that your suspicions are not founded in fact.

NELL GWYN. To indulge that easy unrestricted flow of conversation, which peculiarly distinguishes our friendship, I must confess that I cannot easily comprehend, how you have escaped every snare that art and ingenuity prepared for you, in the younger part of your life.

ANN KILLIGREW. You allude, I suppose, to the report concerning the Duke of Buckingham.

NELL GWYN. I do; and also to the report relative to Sir John Suckling, St. Evremond, Rochester, and even Old Waller.

ANN KILLIGREW. I must own I had some felicitous escapes from these gentlemen: I must, however, except against one person on your list; I mean Sir John Suckling, with whom I never was a favourite.

NELL GWYN. There are enough remaining on the list, after Sir John is erased.

ANN KILLIGREW. As for Buckingham, he was very assiduous, and extremely in earnest: he called upon me one day, when he was a candidate for my favour, at a time when, in the heat of his canvass, he presumed of his election. He found me reading the poem of Absalom and

Ahithophel (then recently published), in which you know Buckingham is excellently pourtrayed under the denomination of Zimri. I asked his Grace in what character he paid me the honour of a visit---whether as a lover, a painter, a chymist, a fidler, or a buffoon?-----This, I suppose, enraged him; for he abruptly withdrew, and never returned.---' So much for Buckingham'---

St. Evremond was also very pressing to obtain my favour. He brought with him that refined civilization, that elegance of manners, that playful converse, that enamelled wit, so characteristic of his countrymen. He talked a philosophical jargon, which I did not comprehend, though it pleased me. He laughed at the folly of the restrictive virtues, and sent them all to Milton's paradise of fools. But his ugliness unfascinated the powers of his eloquence: my guardian angel sat astride on the large wen on his forehead, and saved me from ruin-----so much for St. Evremond.

Nell Gwyn. *(Laughing.)* I think your memoirs exceedingly entertaining; I beg you will continue your narrative.

Ann Killigrew. Old Waller used also to shoot at me, but his bullets being nothing more than poetical sugar-plumbs, no mischief ensued. But

the most formidable battle that ever I was engaged in, was against Rochester: it was some years ago, when he acted the part of a German conjurer in the City: the celebrity of the German fortune-teller excited my curiosity, for I had not the smallest intimation who it was----But I tire you, perhaps.

Nell Gwyn. Quite the reverse, I am impatient to hear the remainder of your story.

Ann Killigrew. I dressed myself in the most simple manner, in the *costúme* of a village girl: and stole away (at night) into the city, in a hackney coach. As soon as I was introduced to the venerable necromancer, he accosted me in these words:—"My beautiful little rustic, you will most "certainly be wedded to the youth you love."—To which gracious prophecy I returned a very humble, aukward, and cottage-like curtesy. He added—"I perceive, however, my dear girl, that "the stars will not consent to the marriage you "have so much at heart, till you have made some "other person happy first; and the sooner you "make some person happy, the sooner you will "possess the youth of your affection." He next put a Portugal piece into my hand, then locked the door, threw away his necromantic garment, *tore off his* whiskers, dismissed his hoary locks,

and suddenly the German Doctor was transformed into the gay, the daring, the amorous Rochester.

NELL GWYN. I begin to tremble for you.

ANN KILLIGREW. In that alarming moment, where was my governess? She had run off with a captain of the Guards the day before. My three maiden aunts, where were they?—the three scare-crow guardians of the Hesperian fruit! They were caterwauling round some card table. Where was my poor grand-mother; She was at rest with my ancestors, in the honourable vault of the Killigrews.

NELL GWYN. Where was your virginity?

ANN KILLIGREW. Secure in the circle of six watchmen, who broke open the door, attended by constables, who came with a warrant to seize the German Doctor, under the notion of his being a spy. I applied to the reverend watchmen for protection, and they conducted me through Maiden-Alley, to a coach.—So much for Rochester.

Enter Sir Charles Sedley.

SIR CHARLES. I have to tell Mrs. Ann Killigrew, that her inamorato will wait upon her immediately: he has almost finished his toilet: I left him adjusting his new black perriwig, whose virgin curls have never been kissed by the amo-

rous gales. He has been scenting his bushy eye-brows with the essence of jessamine.

ANN KILLIGREW. Do you envy his destiny?

SIR CHARLES. Upon my soul, I think he is a lucky dog, and I rejoice to find you are going to honour the married state: an unmarried woman is an instrument without a musician.

NELL GWYN. A ravishing lute, without a lutist.

SIR CHARLES. Or as an old lady observed to me the other day,—'we unmarried women' said she 'are the roses without a thorn.'

ANN KILLIGREW. But why, Sir Charles, don't you practise the doctrine you recommend? You are a widower, but as you do not appear a disconsolate one, why do you not resume the conjugal yoke?

SIR CHARLES. It is my intention. I look upon myself a *pierre d'attente*, a corner-stone left out from a building to be connected with another edifice.

ANN KILLIGREW. I really am of opinion the marriage state has several advantages.

NELL GWYN. Particularly if the husband be as rich as Sir Oliver.

ANN KILLIGREW. I mean independent of that *consideration*.

NELL GWYN. It secures one from temptation.

SIR CHARLES. From which one is never secure in a state of celibacy, not even in a nunnery. I have an old aunt, a nun at Antwerp, who is frequently troubled with temptations: the Abbess proposed that she should ring the church bell whenever she was tempted, to give notice to the community to pray for her, and sometimes the old lady is ringing the whole day long.

NELL GWYN. Bravo, Sir Charles! This is a most excellent family anecdote.

Enter Sir Oliver *and* Killigrew.

NELL GWYN. Sir Oliver, give me leave to present you to Mrs. Ann Killigrew, my most intimate friend, whom I propose as an amiable companion for the remainder of your journey through life. (Sir Oliver *bows, offers to speak, but cannot proceed.*

SIR CHARLES. Sir Oliver, I perceive, is tongue-tied with extasy.

ANN KILLIGREW. I suppose it is incumbent on me, Sir Oliver, to express my gratitude for the flattering distinction with which you are going to honour me.

NELL GWYN. My dear Ann, I beg you will not be rhetorical, and attempt any flourishing speech: —As the conversation of lovers affects solitude,

let me advise you to accompany Sir Oliver in the long shady arbour.

Ann Killigrew. I certainly can have no objection to what you propose.

Sir Oliver. I cherish the proposal, and should wish to have some private conference with this lady. Give me leave to attend you.

(Offers his hand.

Nell Gwyn. Miss Killigrew, I wish you a pleasant walk; I hope, my dear, you will not stand in need of your friends, the watchmen, upon this occasion. (*Exeunt* Ann Killigrew *and* Sir Oliver.) Well I must own I take a pride in having accomplished this business.

Killigrew. This business is not so near being accomplished as you imagine. Sir Oliver just now assured me, that he would defer the ceremony till he had the approbation of the match from the King himself.

Nell Gwyn. I am displeased to hear this: it is quite uncertain when the King will be here: and if the Knight should go from hence before the ceremony has taken place, we shall lose him without hope; for should he return to his round-headed relations---

Killigrew. They would laugh him out of conceit with this marriage.

NELL GWYN. I ask your pardon; they never laugh, but they will sigh and groan him out of conceit with this union, and absolutely dissuade him from a courtly monarchical irreligious connection. *(Enter* Lord Rochester.

LORD ROCHESTER. Queen Eleanor, I am the most faithful of your subjects. I find I am come to assist at a wedding. Is it possible, as I am this instant informed, that you are meditating so incongruous an assimilation, as to ingraft the savage Oliverian crab on the luscious pine-apple?

NELL GWYN. Even so! But there is a difficulty which has just now occurred. The Knight will not accept, it seems, of the hand of my friend, without the King's concurrence, or rather his command; and as I do not expect the King, I am afraid the republican bear will break through my toils.

LORD ROCHESTER. I have a remedy at hand. I will ply him rapidly with the circling bottle after dinner, and make him so amorous, that I will charm from him a promise to marry the Lady to-morrow morning.

NELL GWYN. No, no, I have a better inventive head at a crisis than your Lordship. As you have performed the part of a conjuror with such success, suppose you try how you can act the

King! The Cromwelian Knight has no personal knowledge of you, and has never seen his Majesty; it will consequently be no difficult matter to impose upon him.

Lord Rochester. I am ready to perform the part you assign to me in this new Comedy, as it is for the benefit of Ann Killigrew.

Nell Gwyn. When the Knight is presented to your Majesty, you will express to him your full approbation of the match, and then I will attend upon the willing pair to town, and desire one of the King's chaplains to tie the knot immediately.

Killigrew. It is a most excellent stratagem.

Nell Gwyn. Sir Charles! I beg you will run to the King's apartment and bring back with you the garter and the blue ribband.

(*Exit* Sir Charles Sedley.

Lord Rochester. But will not his Majesty be displeased at the liberty I am now going to assume?

Nell Gwyn. I will take upon myself the whole impropriety of this transaction: I am certain it will excite his laughter, and the King will lament that he did not come time enough to be a partaker of the frolic. (*Enter* Sir Charles

Nell Gwyn. Let me invest your Majesty

(She takes the ribband, and gives it to Lord Rochester, *who puts it on.*

Now gird your knee with this little badge, which I am apt to pronounce a whimsical badge of honour, since (if history speaks the truth) it was invented in memorial of a young slovenly Countess, who did not know how to tie her garters.

Sir Charles. *(Bowing.)* May your Majesty's short reign be a prosperous one!

Nell Gwyn. Go you two, directly, to the lovers: you, Sir Charles, inform the Knight of his Majesty's arrival; and you, Killigrew, whisper in the ear of my friend, the stratagem that is carrying on, and order the carriage to be got ready immediately.

(Exeunt Sir Charles *and* Killigrew.

Lord Rochester. Do not be offended, if, under the sanction of my transitory royal prerogative, I address you in a language I never dared utter before---Venus has many Cupids which at once denote her empire, and the extent of her benevolence.

Nell Gwyn. For shame, Rochester! is this acting a generous part toward your absent friend the King? If I had any pretensions to the title of Venus, my Cupids should not be link-boys, to thrust their torches in every face.

LORD ROCHESTER. I intended no offence---it was only my libertine way of talking.

NELL GWYN. The man who now possesses my undivided attachment, shall ever hold undivided possession. He is the final object of my wishes, my home, my *constant* residence. I beg you will look upon my former frailties as stations in my journey to the abode from which I will never, never depart.

LORD ROCHESTER. Excellently, most excellently said. You have long gained my admiration, you have now conquered my esteem.

NELL GWYN. The esteem of Rochester, I fear, is a coin of doubtful value; however, such as it is, I will accept it. (*Enter* Sir Oliver Luke, Ann Killigrew, Sir Charles, *and* Killigrew.

Permit me, Sir Oliver, to present you to his Majesty. (Sir Oliver *kneels and kisses* Lord Rochester's *hand.*

SIR OLIVER. (*Much confused.*) This honour Sire---this accumulated honour, most religious Sovereign---owing to her Ladyship; I ask pardon, I mean Mrs. Gwyn.

LORD ROCHESTER. It is impossible for me, Sir Oliver, to do justice to your elegant harangue by my own words---so I will only say that I a *happy to* commence an acquaintance with you.

Sir Oliver. Here is the petition which your Majesty knows I was to deliver into your royal hands.

Lord Rochester. My royal hands will put the petition into my royal pocket, and shall consider the contents at some other time and in some other place: for business is excluded from this spot, and only mirth and love are admitted. And therefore I rejoice to find you are going to add to the festivity of Peckham, by espousing my good friend Ann Killigrew.

Sir Oliver. I am overjoyed to hear my intended marriage meets with the royal approbation.

Lord Rochester. It meets with my most decided approbation, and will be a strong argument with me in favour of your petition.

Nell Gwyn. I told you so, Sir Oliver!

Lord Rochester. I hope before Apollo reclines on the lap of Thetis, you will conduct the fair nymph to the Hymeneal Temple.

Sir Oliver. Are your royal words addressed to me?

Lord Rochester. My meaning is, Sir Oliver, that I hope before the close of day, my friend will be entitled to the honourable appellation of Lady Luke.

SIR OLIVER. I am your Majesty's most obedient subject.

LORD ROCHESTER. If you please, Sir Oliver, I will write a note to my worthy friend Juxon, the Archbishop, and order him to perform the ceremony.

SIR OLIVER. By no means—by no means—by no means.

NELL GWYN. An inferior dignitary will answer the purpose as effectually.

LORD ROCHESTER. Why did Sir Oliver start at my proposal.

NELL GWYN. Sir Oliver is afflicted with an hereditary disease, called the anti-mitral-antipathy, which time only can eradicate.

Enter The King.

THE KING. Heyday, what are you masquerading in the morning?

(Nell Gwyn *runs up to the* King *and whispers.*)

LORD ROCHESTER. *(Aside.)* I fear I am going to be dethroned.

KILLIGREW. *(Aside.)* This sudden arrival will put an end to the wedding.

ANN KILLIGREW. *(Aside to* Sir Charles Sedley. I begin to fear I must still perform, as you call it, the irksome function of a vestal.

THE KING. (*Advancing towards* Lord Rochester.) I ask your Majesty's pardon, I did not at first perceive you was here.

LORD ROCHESTER. I am this instant arrived.

THE KING. (*To* Nell Gwyn.) I little imagined the King would have been at Peckham before me.

NELL GWYN. (*Taking the* King *by the hand.*) Give me leave, Sir Oliver Luke, to present this brother Knight, Sir Charles Stuart, to you.

SIR OLIVER. I am happy in forming an acquaintance with Sir Charles Stuart: I presume you received the honour of knighthood from his present Majesty.

THE KING. I can't say I did.

SIR OLIVER. Then I suppose your honours flow from the same fountain as mine.

THE KING. You mean the Protector?

SIR OLIVER. Yes! Sir Charles Stuart.

THE KING. My title does not stream from so immaculate a fountain; my family is not under any particular obligations to the Protector.

NELL GWYN. Sir Charles Stuart, you must not engross your new acquaintance; for as I just informed you, he is going to be married. The carriage is at the door. Killigrew and I will attend Sir Oliver and Mrs. Killigrew to town; and we will bring them back in the evening bride *and bridegroom.*

THE KING. I assure you, Sir Oliver, you are going to be united with the most amiable woman in England. If I had not been unluckily yoked in marriage with a d——'d Portugal merchant's daughter, I should myself have proposed to her. Give me leave, Mrs. Killigrew, to have the honour of handing you to your carriage.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THE THIRD.

.....

Enter The King, Sir Charles, *and* Lord Rochester.

LORD ROCHESTER.

AT your command, I retain the honour of being your Majesty's usurper.

THE KING. I beg the farce may be continued till the bride and bridegroom are introduced. Did not you say, Sedley, they were returned?

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. They are now coming up stairs.

LORD ROCHESTER. Is the reigning monarch *or the pretender* to salute the bride first?

THE KING. The reigning monarch, by all means.

Enter Sir Oliver Luke, Lady Luke, Nell Gwyn, *and* Killigrew.

NELL GWYN. I have the honour of presenting Lady Luke to your Majesty.

LORD ROCHESTER. Allow me to touch these virgin lips.---Sir Oliver, I give you joy.

THE KING. Your Majesty is incorrect----Lady Luke is the dispenser of joy upon this occasion. Sir Oliver, you and your amiable consort have my best wishes.

SIR OLIVER. Methinks, Sir Charles Stuart, you are too free with his Majesty.

THE KING. My dear brother Knight, you will perceive presently that I shall take a still greater freedom with his Majesty.

SIR OLIVER. In what manner?

THE KING. I shall enter into a plot against him, and dethrone him.

SIR OLIVER. Dethrone his Majesty!----What blasphemy strikes my ear?

THE KING. A blasphemy, Sir Oliver, to which your ear is not a virgin.

SIR OLIVER. Sir Charles Stuart, I wear a sword.

THE KING. Then draw it in defence of his Majesty, whose reign will not extend to five minutes more.

SIR OLIVER. *(To* Nell Gwyn.*)* Good Lady, tell me what all this means!

NELL GWYN. Don't be alarmed.

THE KING. I have no intention, Sir Oliver, of involving you in my plot, and of endangering your life, or of making Lady Luke a disconsolate widow.

SIR OLIVER. *(To* Lady Luke.*)* How can you laugh at this indecorous language?

LADY LUKE. Look round, Sir Oliver—You see every person in the room is laughing.

SIR OLIVER. Damn these Peckham jokes, I don't comprehend them.

THE KING. Sir Charles Sedley, I desire you to ungarnish his Majesty.

(Lord Rochester *resigns the ribband and garter to* Sir Charles Sedley.

SIR OLIVER. Is it possible?—Is it possible?

(The King *puts on the ribband and garter.*

THE KING. Now, Sir Oliver, will you kneel and salute my hand?

SIR OLIVER. I had rather be cuckolded this very night.

LADY LUKE. I am much obliged to you, Sir Oliver.

SIR CHARLES. I would be obliged to him, Lady Luke, if I was you, and take him at his word.

LORD ROCHESTER. And comfort me,—a poor dethroned monarch!

NELL GWYN. It is now time to put an end to this idle merriment. I direct my discourse to you, Sir Oliver, and now inform you that the innocent stratagem which has been played upon you was my invention, for the purpose of securing to my friend so honourable a partner for life.

LORD ROCHESTER. 'Tis very true.

SIR OLIVER. (*To* Lord Rochester.) Are you not, Sir, the King?

LORD ROCHESTER. For the misfortune of England, I am not.

SIR OLIVER. Who, then, is King?

LORD ROCHESTER. Your brother Knight, Sir Charles Stuart.

LADY LUKE. Indeed, Sir Oliver, that gentleman speaks the truth: he is Lord Rochester; and the person, whom you imagine to be Sir Charles Stuart, is, upon my word, his most gracious Majesty, to whose protection I now consign my husband, Sir Oliver Luke—

(*Leading* Sir Oliver *to the* King.

SIR OLIVER. Do I dream? or have I lost my senses to day?

THE KING. Not more at present than any other day: but I trust you will indulge this Peckham frolic, and I can assure you that your brother Knight, Sir Charles Stuart, will prompt King Charles to grant to Sir Oliver the object of his petition.

SIR OLIVER. *(Bowing.)* I am your Majesty's truly devoted subject.

THE KING. As the table is prepared, and spread with a splendid collation, let us sit down in harmony and good humour: dismiss the servants, and let the dumb-waiters, who have long had the character of being very discreet, have the full benefit of our convivial wit and merriment---

(They sit down to table.

LORD ROCHESTER. I perfectly concur with his Majesty, concerning the advantage of dumb-waiters. The ease and freedom of convivial festivity is thus better ascertained, with all the gay privileges of commensality.

THE KING. I never before heard the word commensality.

LORD ROCHESTER. It is an expressive word, invented by my friend, Sir Thomas Browne, the celebrated physician at Norwich.

NELL GWYN. Is it possible, Lord Rochester, that you should call that man your friend? wicked,

profane man! he wishes, in his *Religio Medici*, these are his very words, "that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction!"

SIR CHARLES. This is treason against the enthroned majesty of nature.

KILLIGREW. What does Lady Browne say to such a contemptuous declaration?

LORD ROCHESTER. She, like a loving wife, obtained his pardon from the queen of nature, on condition that he should make an *aménde honorable*, to which, it seems, he has consented, for he is the father of ten children.

THE KING. As I am not a disciple of Sir Thomas Browne, nor consequently a friend to the arboreal procreation, I propose a bumper to the happiness of the bride and bridegroom.

LORD ROCHESTER. I second the proposal.

(They drink to the bride and bridegroom.

THE KING. Now tell me; Rochester, what is become of your hebdomadal seraglio? I saw lately Monday and Saturday walking arm in arm together.

SIR CHARLES. Your Majesty will see them no more.

LORD ROCHESTER. I beg, Sedley, you will not say any thing of this affair.

THE KING. Now my curiosity is excited, I must entreat you, Sedley, to proceed.

SIR CHARLES. I shall most certainly obey your commands: and shall first inform my audience, that Rochester, in the plenitude of extravagance, collected seven nymphs, which he denominated by the days of the week. The beautiful hours that draw the car in Guido's famous picture, were not to be compared to the *days* of Rochester. They were, however, not halcyon days. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were tempestuous: Thursday was a peevish, ungenial day: Friday was sullen, and cloudy: and Saturday thundered like a scold.

NELL GWYN. Poor Rochester!

SIR CHARLES. To conclude my narrative, debts were incurred: the treasury of Rochester, not being adequate to the expenditure of the seven days. Yesterday morning, *(horresco referens)* the whole week was sent to jail.

LORD ROCHESTER. Lazy, extravagant gypsies! they deserve their fate.

SIR OLIVER. Indeed, Lord Rochester, the epithet of lazy is ill applied: it appears to me that it was a very industrious week: for I do not meet with one *holy* day in it.

THE KING. Bravo, Sir Oliver, I give you credit for that pun.

SIR OLIVER. I am bold to tell your Majesty, that I seldom offer at a smart saying; but when I do, it is my own:—I do not borrow from others.

THE KING. You are then, Sir Oliver, like a country squire, who lives upon his own farm: who kills his own calf, and plucks his own geese.

NELL GWYN. With your Majesty's permission, I will call for a song—I should wish to hear the Soldier's Catch——the words by Sir Charles Sedley.

(Sir Charles, Rochester, *and* Killigrew, *sing*.

The Soldiers' Catch.

If some blood we have spilt,
To compound for the guilt,
In Love's camp we'll do double duty;
Mankind we'll repair,
With the leave of the Fair,
And pay our arrears to true beauty.

THE KING. Most excellently performed! observe, Sir Oliver, as you have been a soldier, the moral of the song seems particularly pointed at you.

SIR OLIVER. I am happy to see your Majesty so facetious.

NELL GWYN. As we have already drank to the bride and bridegroom, I beg leave to propose my favourite toast.

(Sir Oliver *looks at his watch.*)

LORD ROCHESTER. Sir Oliver! it is against the canon-law of this society to look at a watch.

THE KING. I think, Sir Oliver should be exempted from the rule: it denotes no drowsiness in Sir Oliver.---His looking at his watch is the same thing as looking at the countenance of Lady Luke; but I give you notice, Sir Oliver, that, if you look again at your watch, I shall obey your intimation, and adjourn the court.

SIR OLIVER. I hope I have committed no indecorum: I am now all impatience, Madam, for your favourite toast.

NELL GWYN. *(Rising.)* Every body except his Majesty must stand up, while my toast is going round. *(Lifting up her glass.)*

I drink to the royal oak, which, when the hell-hounds of rebellion were in full chace, spread around its hospitable arms, and sheltered from destruction the monarch of my heart! hail to the royal oak!

Omnes. Hail to the royal oak!

THE KING. It becomes me now to rise, and make my acknowledgment to the company for the honour they have conferred upon my good friend the oak. Now I will beg leave to offer a toast of my own; which the mistress of the house can witness is the one that I constantly give.

LORD ROCHESTER. Then, Sir, your toast is not a woman.

NELL GWYN. I ask your pardon, Lord Rochester, it is a woman.

SIR CHARLES. 'Tis then a beautiful woman you frequently see before your glass.

NELL GWYN. No, Sir, it is a lady I never saw in my life. And, as there is an interesting circumstance annexed to her, I humbly entreat his Majesty to relate it to the company.

THE KING. I am very willing to comply with your request.---At that eventful period of my life when I was obliged to wander in disguise, it happened that at the close of day, tortured with hunger and overpowered with fatigue, I adventured to approach the door of a magnificent seat, in order to solicit the charity of a little food. A young man, who by his emotion appeared to know me, begged he might introduce me to the respectable lady of the mansion---a widow, whose

name was Wyndham, and who was impatient, he said, of the honour of receiving me beneath her roof. He then led me into an antique hall, where sat, in an oaken richly-carved chair, the aged lady. A pleasurable air of affability illumed her countenance; still did her faded cheek display a lingering grace! a winter-flower! Then slowly rising from her seat, the venerable form advanced, and thus she accosted me:—"Three "sons! my valiant sons! were slain in battle, "fighting in your father's cause! and at their "side my little grandson, scarce fourteen, my "lovely, my endearing Henry, fell!—Since "that sad day, oppressed with the weight of ma-"ternal affliction, I have daily implored the "great dispenser of events to remove me from "this scene of misery: but at this moment, I "thank my God, that he decrees I still should "linger on this side the grave, for the purpose "of administering some little comfort to your "unfortunate situation! The tear that now "weeps down my cheek is not the effusion of "parental sorrow, it is the gush of wounded af-"fection for my afflicted Sovereign!" She then attempted to salute my hand, which I declined; and, yielding to the warm impulse of nature, with

grateful heart I threw my arms around her neck, and wept.----I now pour a libation to the venerable dame.*

LORD ROCHESTER. I presume it is now my turn to propose a toast.

NELL GWYN. I will tell you who you shall give.

LORD ROCHESTER. I accede to your proposal.

NELL GWYN. You shall give us, the country girl, whose fortune you told when you was the German Conjurer.

LORD ROCHESTER. How is it possible you should know any thing of that incident?

NELL GWYN. The confusion you are in betrays you.

LADY LUKE. I hope you did not seduce the poor silly country girl?

LORD ROCHESTER. I scorn your idea.

LADY LUKE. Have you never seen her since?

LORD ROCHESTER. Never.

LADY LUKE. You have often seen her, and have frequently spoken to her.

LORD ROCHESTER. Never, never.

LADY LUKE. Suppose I tell you, that you have been speaking to her this moment:---

* See Hume.

(Mimicking the country girl.) ut, Good Christian Doctor, tell me when I am to be married.

LORD ROCHESTER. Confusion! I recollect that voice. Had I known it had been you—

LADY LUKE. However, you will bear testimony to the innocence of the poor girl.

LORD ROCHESTER. Yes! But not to her integrity, for she robbed me of a guinea.

LADY LUKE. That guinea was well distributed among the watchmen who protected her.

SIR OLIVER. What are you talking of, Lady Luke?

NELL GWYN. We allude to a disguise her Ladyship once assumed, to deceive Lord Rochester.

THE KING. I never heard of this frolic.

NELL GWYN. I will tell you the whole circumstance some other time.

THE KING. Let me ask you, Rochester, if you have lately displayed any flashes of wit, if you have uttered any *bon mot* worth being recorded, without raising a blush on the female cheek?

LORD ROCHESTER. The latter part of your question is superfluous, respecting blushes; for, though we live among the fair creation, and may very properly denominate them flowers, we can-

not so properly give them the poetical appellation of *blushing* roses!

THE KING. Very good!

LORD ROCHESTER. With regard to your Majesty's general inquiry, I must own I have been dull and melancholy of late.

KILLIGREW. Rochester was delivered of a tolerable *bon mot* yesterday. We were walking, Sir, together, and we met Shadwell the poet: he accosted us, and said,—"Gentlemen, I wonder "to see you abroad in such bad weather." To which Rochester replied, "I believe you and I "are walking from different motives; I walk in "order to get an appetite to my dinner; and you, "perhaps, Mr. Shadwell, to procure a dinner for "your appetite: and therefore you shall dine "with me."

NELL GWYN. I think there is as much ill-nature as wit in that *bon mot*.

LORD ROCHESTER. However, the bard drank copiously of the viny helicon, till, big with the god, he reeled with poetic majesty into my carriage, which conveyed him home.

SIR CHARLES. Give me leave to inform your Majesty that Sir Oliver is stealing again a glance at his watch.

THE KING. Then I'll keep my word, and adjourn the court.

(They all rise, the King *goes to* Lady Luke, *and salutes her.)*

SIR CHARLES. Are we, Sir, to follow your example?

THE KING. By no means, I am in this instance only Sir Oliver's taster! Before we part, I will repeat to the bridegroom four lines, written some time ago by Sir Charles Sedley, addressed to the bride:---

"Were I Apollo, no! I would not chuse
"The gay Ann Kill'grew for my darling muse;
"Let other nymphs the learned mount ascend;
"She should be Thetis!---and the day should end."

Now I imagine, Sir Oliver, that you are Apollo, here is Thetis, and the day is ended.---Adieu. *(The King retires---the gentlemen follow.)*

NELL GWYN. I will now, as your Ladyship's bride-maid, attend you to your bed-chamber; where, like a poor hare, after various windings, you will be taken on the very spot from which you sat out.

LADY LUKE. You never can be serious.

NELL GWYN. What has happened? You appear suddenly depressed.

LADY LUKE. It is impossible for me, in the present moment, not to be agitated.

NELL GWYN. What! does the spirited Ann Killigrew yield to visionary fears?

LADY LUKE. I beg you will suppress your jocularity for the present.

NELL GWYN. I will only add a few words more: as we both have gargled our mind with a little sputtering of the Latin tongue, I will disperse your apprehensions with a line from Martial's Epigrams:----*Pœte non dolet.*

THE END OF THE THIRD AND LAST ACT.

PEACE, IGNOMINY,

AND

DESTRUCTION:

A POEM.

"Rompez, rompez tout pacte avec l'impieté."

RACINE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE memorable events of the year 1797, depicted in the following Poem, cannot be uninteresting at the present juncture, when a vigorous prosecution of the war is the only method of extricating Europe from the perilous situation in which she is now involved.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

SIR,

I CANNOT pay the candour that accompanies your great talents a higher compliment, than by dedicating to you a Poem, whose general principle is adverse to your political sentiments.

I have the honour to be
your obedient
humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PEACE, IGNOMINY,

AND

DESTRUCTION.

AROUND th' enduring martyr's hallow'd shrine
Their brightest flowers the holy muses twine!
With roses blushing from the fields of war,
Their skilful hands adorn the victor's car!
And, for the candid brow of peace, they bring
The modest honours of the early spring!
But for the Peace that lifts th' imploring eye,
From whose frail breast escapes the coward's sigh,
No muse applauding one small leaf shall bring
Of all the foliage of the early spring;
But, from her bow'r, shall Ignominy rend
A branch of nightshade for her *gentle* friend!

These painful eyes behold an English peer
(His weak memorial sicklied o'er with fear,)

In humble attitude a suppliant stand,
To claim the friendship of a murd'rous band!
The plaintive breathings of the snow-wing'd dove
Ill suit the imperial messenger of Jove!
Who should, by long-excited vengeance driv'n,
Bear in his grasp the thunderbolt of Heav'n.

Oh, my lov'd country! time-ennobled realm,
Where jealous honour still has watch'd the helm;
Th' unclouded glory long to Europe known
Which clasps thy loins like a refulgent zone:
Say, will thy hand the hallow'd cestus tear,
And yield thy virtue to the tainting air?
For me—unmark'd by honours, wealth, or fame,
No swelling title blazoning round my name!—
To be a fleeting bubble of thy earth
Inflames my mounting soul with pride of birth!
Oh, sacred parent! still thyself revere;
To honour's call, to virtue's voice, be near:
Blur not the brightness of thy heav'nly cause
With one dim moment's intervening pause.
Better to fall in glory's full career,
Embracing honour on th' untimely bier;
Than weak, subdued, with agonising strife,
Waste (in the socket) the last gleams of life.
Say, if to cloathe with light the laughing skies
The God of Day were doom'd no more to rise,

Were it not better, in the pomp of pow'r,
In the rich ardour of meridian hour,
To rush abrupt from Heav'n with downward flight
A flaming chaos to the jaws of night;
Than tinge the ocean with a ling'ring ray,
Expiring in the silence of decay?

Yet think not France from nature will depart,
And chace the fiend that grapples to her heart;
That the wild tigress will forego her prey,
Couch with the kid, and with the lambkin play;
That the fond child shall stretch his little hand
To lead the lion in a flow'ry band!
These beauteous emblems of the days of old
With this mock concord no resemblance hold:
No heavy drops of mandragóra steep
The dragon's eyelids in the dews of sleep!
The gift extended by a faithless foe
Is the concealment of a lurking woe:
'Tis like the pause that Nature's storm bestows,
An awful calm—the thunder's dread repose!

My anxious eyes solicit still in vain
Some sign that might my failing hopes sustain;
Some sacred altar, rob'd in spotless white,
Where candour's priest performs the genial rite;

Where long-tried statesmen, fraught with wisdom'
Whose hair the hand of peace hath silver'd o'er,
With learned fathers sway'd by virtue's rule,
Whom peace hath tutor'd in religion's school;
Where, pensive as they walk'd, the holy breeze
Flew through the shady cloister whisp'ring peace
For these best pledges other scenes arise——
Th' enchanter's cauldron smites my wond'ring ey
Behold a troop of ghastly shapes advance
In frantic mood, and form a horrid dance;
Now bending low, these haggard forms of hell
Breathe the dark pray'r, and mutter the dread sp
And now into the turbid stream they throw
(With imprecations big with future woe)
The galling tears that flow'd from beauty's cheek,
The voice of agony and terror's shriek,
The blood that trickled from affliction's dart,
The sighs exhaling from a broken heart,
The burst of anguish—murder's piercing cry,
The screams that hurried through the midnight sk
The famish'd infant's deep expiring groan,
The dungeon'd victim's solitary moan,
The clotted hair which desperation tore,
The milk of murder'd mothers streak'd with gore,
The plaint of innocence, the virgin's pray'r
Which the rude ravisher consign'd to air,

The hallow'd edicts by religion plann'd,
And holy wedlock's desecrated band:
Behold the infernal sorcerers unite
To close their incantation's fearful rite,
And leering cast into the vase profound,
The likeness of two skulls which once were crown'd.

Say, for these fiends, if England can descend
To weave the bond that grapples friend to friend,
Flown is the spirit of her living fame;---
And what remains?----a carcase of a name!

Cou'd I, like DRYDEN, wield the bolts of war,
And fling amazement from the rushing car!
Did I possess that energetic strain
Which pours the sorrows of the negro train,
Brings the heart-rending tale to Britain's ear,
And bids compassion pay her long arrear;
The arguments that flow from WYNDHAM's sense,
Well guarded round by reason's strongest fence;
The sacred boon by CHATHAM's SON possest,
The muse of eloquence that fires his breast:
The quiver richly stored with attic darts,
Which genius to his SHERIDAN imparts:
Th' exalting winnow'd purity of soul
With which FITZWILLIAM soars beyond controul;

Who, greatly daring, with a zeal severe
Stemm'd the wild deluge of opprobrious fear;
And, on the day eternally renown'd,
Like Abdiel, was the only faithful found:—
Had I these pow'rs concenter'd in one form,
I'd pour on England the resistless storm,
To wake her soul, to rouse her mental part,
And chace her sombrous lethargy of heart.

Do some pretend that justice holds the scales
That o'er French councils honour now prevails:
Approach the dial in the dead of night,
Demand the hour by artificial light;
Then virtue seek with an enquiring eye,
Amid the system unillum'd from high.
* Mark yon sad cemetery's starless gloom,
Where time shall ne'er unlock the rav'nous tom
Where shadowy death shall a dread vigil keep,
'Midst the still horror of eternal sleep.
There the pledg'd maiden, at th' approach of e
O'er the dear relics of the youth shall grieve,
While her dark creed shall urge the sting of w
And bid her flowing tears for ever flow:

* November the 12th, 1793. The Convention dec
a spot of ground should be allotted for a burial place,
inscription—"Death is an eternal sleep."

Hope dares not whisper to her clouded eye
To send a glance to time's unfolding sky,
Where Pity weaves the amaranthine chain
To circle lovers ne'er to part again.

There, too, the mother, with affliction wild,
Bends o'er the grave that holds her darling child,
For ever holds—No pleasing vision cries,
"Suppress the tears that trickle from thine eyes;
"Ah! know thy child with angels soars on high
"In the bright regions of the upper sky,
"And, deck'd with wings that glitter to the ray,
"Plays on the sun-beams of eternal day."—
Her dark'ning creed with no assuagement fraught,
Forbids her soul to grasp the cheering thought!

There, too, the friend his other-self shall mourn,
From his habitual sight for ever torn;
Forbid to look to that celestial shore
Whose blissful bow'rs shall friend to friend restore:
Thus the strong chain their sacrilege has riv'n
Which bound in sacred union earth and heav'n;
Made every future high reversion void;
The rights of immortality destroy'd;
Compell'd the claims of merit to be mute;
Creation's lord degraded to a brute;

And, what their hell-constructed thought design'd,
Insulted nature and dethron'd the mind.

* Behold where flow'rets deck the length'ning w
The slow procession moves in bright array:
A gorgeous spectacle! ovation's car!
Press'd by no hero slaughter'd in the war,
But press'd by him who scatter'd wild alarm,
And rais'd 'gainst Virtue his destructive arm:
Who dar'd on Truth's bright shield, in evil hour,
The poison'd shafts of blasphemy to show'r;
His ardent vot'ries——a licentious crowd——
Uplift their champion, fest'ring in his shroud,
And, while the grave-worms fasten on his frame,
High honours pay to his irrev'rent name!
Pale Irreligion comes with all her train——
Her atheist choir——to act the rites profane:
She comes with all the witlings of the land,
Her grave buffoons, her academic band!
The steps of the fam'd Porch they now ascend,
And through the pillar'd aisles their march they b
An host of praiseful voices rends the fane,
And impious echoes multiply the strain.

---

* July the 11th, 1791, VOLTAIRE's ashes were remov
St. Genevieve.

But when the corse was to the vault convey'd,
Night round the temple flung her darkest shade;
With terror heav'd the sympathetic ground,
From ev'ry altar breath'd a sigh profound;
And fiends rejoic'd while angels wept around!

Time was when France preferr'd her learned name,
And wore the wreath bestow'd by classic fame:
Mark the dread change!—the cold immoral blast
Has chill'd the plants of Science as it pass'd,
Nipt the young thought just bursting from its fold,
And froze Instruction's current as it roll'd.

See Education weeping on the ground;
Her globes, her torch, her emblems scatter'd round;
Her children all are fled!—the path, that leads
To her august abode, is chok'd with weeds:
She mourns her sabbaths and her rites suppress'd;
She mourns her silent hours' ignoble rest.
Who now appears the tutoress of youth,
To cheer the darken'd mind with beams of truth?
(With those clear rays which her bright noon adorn,)
To streak and beautify her pupil's morn.

From the wide-yawning ground, now bursts to view
A form gigantic, and of sable hue;

'Tis Inhumanity—she comes to trace
Instruction's precepts to the rising race:
She feasts their minds—not with theatric show,
But with live scenes of dire ensanguin'd woe!
Gluts their affections with atrocious food,
With acts of wrath, and festivals of blood!
* Behold her children, new to war's alarms,
At her commandment grasp their little arms!
Behold yon aged group, whose silver hair
Demands compassion and intreats to spare!
'Gainst these—whose crimes are poverty and age,
She bids her pupils act their virgin rage;
And as they now impel the death-wing'd balls,
Some benefactor, or some parent falls!
With horrors deep'ning dye so early stain'd,
In massacrous employ so early train'd,
Will they not terrify the future day
Whose rudiments of vice such proofs display?
—'Gainst these to war is virtue's best crusade:
She cries "Oh, England! hasten to my aid!
"See atheist cruelty her weapons wield!
"Lift to her blow thy consecrated shield."

---

* A battalion of children, from ten to eleven, were organi at Rennes, who were made to shoot old men of eighty.

Woe to the land, which (shamefully secure)
Shrinks from the toil that wisdom bids endure,
Declines the steps of glory to retrace,
And shuns calamity to meet disgrace!—
Misfortune is the night expecting day;
Disgrace a stain that seas can't wash away.

Ev'n while my soul from indignation strong,
Pours the full torrent of reproachful song!
* Weak Embassy beholds with sorrowing eye,
Her flutt'ring pray'r ascend an iron sky:
The gaudy pile which airy Hope had rais'd,
On which half-trembling Caution fondly gaz'd,
Dissolves——and like a dream that mocks the mind,
Leaves not a glimm'ring of its pomp behind:
Then seize, oh Britain! seize the pregnant hour,
'Tis Honour's treasury, 'tis Virtue's dow'r!
Thy vaunting foe misled, rejects thy claim,
Absolves thy vows, and gives thee back to fame:
Seize, seize the hour—with daring thought imprest,
Bid the chill fear-drops gath'ring on thy breast

---

* Alluding to the departure of Lord MALMESBURY from Paris, which event took place while the New Edition of this Poem was preparing for the press.

Melt into air, like the small gems of rain
Which the rous'd lion scatters from his mane.
Yes! I adjure thee by thy days of yore;
By thine illustrious fame's untainted store;
By all the rev'rence thy great statesmen claim,
Who rais'd, on Wisdom's plan, thy wond'rous fr
By all thy sacred bards, whose magic lays
Sound in thy porch, and dignify thy praise;
By thy benevolence—that brilliant gem
Whose lustre plays around thy diadem;
By all the charities that most endear;
By Emigrancy's meek imploring tear;
Thou'lt not reject her at her utmost need,
Nor plant thy footsteps on the broken reed:—
Yes! I adjure thee by the sainted train,
Who, heav'n-instructed, rear'd thy modest fane;
Gave to thy holy lips a purer pray'r,
Whose chaste ascension breathes celestial air.

Thou, who hast long attain'd th' immortal goa
While choral plaudits sound from pole to pole!
The glowing sun-set of whose honour'd day
Expands the brilliance of meridian ray:
Who hast from states remov'd th' incumbent shac
And the wide sphere of government display'd;

The distant azure of whose vague extremes
Thou hast illum'd with Truth's unerring beams:
Our houshold deity! who warns, foretells,
Points to the den where the hush'd monster dwells,
Presents our perils awfully to view,
And bids the Country to herself be true.
Oh, Sage of *Beaconsfield!* indulge the muse
Who the same track (thou hast adorn'd) pursues!
Who gleans thy scatt'rings, grasps the falling grain
From the full harvest of thy loaded wain!

*** At the close of this Poem were originally introduced some lines, which censoriously mentioned a gentleman, whose great abilities have embellished different walks of literature.

The availing myself of this opportunity of publicly acknowledging my error, respecting Mr. Knight, does not arise from the presumption, that

a shaft from so feeble a hand could have excited any painful sensation in his mind; but from a view to silence the upbraidings of self-reproach.

The same motive induces me to express my regret at some lines, which alluded to an ingenious young gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, J... J... D..., Esq. who is hastening to eminence in his professional line.

To the Author of the Baviad no apology can certainly be due, and therefore I retain the lines which, though not immediately connected with the Poem, were generally allowed to be applicable to the *person*. In speaking of the peace of 1796, the following verses were inserted in the preceding Poem:

" Ere I wou'd fix th' irrevocable seal,
" And legalise what time can ne'er repeal,
" I'd rather by the Nine accurs'd produce,
" The harsh crab vintage of the Baviad muse;
" Whose cynic numbers, not devoid of art,
" Spring from the workings of a bilious heart:
" Coarse, unrefin'd, inelegantly keen,
" The foul o'erflowings of self-tortur'd spleen."

It is an observation of Mr. Pope, that as a beggar, let him be ever so destitute, has the means of keeping a cur; so the most indifferent Poet has merit sufficient to attract the notice of some bristled snarling critic. In this point of view, the Author of the Baviad may be said to be my cur! —an office I hope he will long retain.

This Poem was translated into French by the reverend Father *Mendar*, Member of the learned order of the Oratorians. This gentleman is now returned to his relations in France. During his residence in this country, he distinguished himself by a peculiarly persuasive and pathetic manner of preaching. His little Poems of the *Solitaire des Bords de la Tamise*, and *Les Remercimens*, are warm and elegant effusions that may be properly denominated the poetry of the heart.

But the most gratifying incident relative to this Poem is the letter I received from Mr. Burke on the occasion. As the smallest particle of a shattered diamond is valuable, so any fragment of so great a man is worthy of preservation: and under that consideration I yield to the partiality of

some friends, who prompt me to annex the letter of Mr. Burke to these notes.

" *Beaconsfield*, 18 *Dec.* 1796.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" You will have the goodness to excuse me in using the hand of a friend in making the acknowledgments, which are so justly due to you, on my part, for the valuable present of your Poem. The public is much concerned in this exertion of your genius, and my fame (if fame can be any object to me) gives me a concern in it. The least use I could make of my hand, would be to make it express the dictates of my heart on this occasion; but the truth is, I have been, and am, extremely ill, and there are few hours in the four-and-twenty, in which I am not obliged to pass in my bed or on my couch. " In- " firmity does still neglect all office." I assure you, however, that I read your Poem with great pleasure. The conceptions are just, the sentiments affecting, and the pictures forcible and true. I can say that I am not particular in this opinion, nor am I bribed to it by your indulgence

to me, your fellow-labourer, in the same cause. ----Mr. Wyndham, I understand (and he has a judgment not to be deceived or corrupted by praise) thinks of your Poem as I do.

" I have the honour to be,
with the most sincere regard,
dear Sir,
your most obliged and most
faithful servant,
" EDMUND BURKE."

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TATLERS,

A MANUSCRIPT COMEDY OF THE LATE

DR. HOADLY,

Performed at Covent Garden, for the Benefit of

Mr. HOLMAN, and spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

THE rights of women, in this cens'ring age,
Have yet not been asserted on the stage:
For one great branch of our defrauded right,
Where hangs the glowing fruit of home-delight,
I now appear, to move a new decree,
And plead the female cause without a fee.

Two scions on one plant, will not now bear
A chaste allusion to the wedded pair.
Behold! unfeeling Dissipation rends
Wide from each other the connubial friends
The travelling spray by whim's still varying lot
Is seen ingrafted on some distant spot,
While the poor widow'd sprig appears to moan
Left to the blast unpitied and alone:
But our new code forbids the youth to roam,
And calls with dove-like voice, the wanderer home;
We therefore hope our mates wo'nt think us rude,
If from our plan all grafting we exclude.

Do some now present daringly maintain,
That roguish wives oft snap the wedlock chain?
What? if the rover will not share his life
With that domestic fixture called a wife,
Should the wild truant man forsake the scene,
Must she be stil'd an abdicating quean?
If from their residence th' incumbents stray,
Can it be said the living runs away?

Then let the wives for residence contend—
To this one point let our exertions bend;
And if deserted we'll no more endure it,
But in their absence shall appoint a curate.

The laws of wedlock are the laws of rhyme,
A faithful couplet, in accordant chime:
If the first line should not exactly flow
In perfect symmetry with that below,
Ah! then we look for harmony in vain,
And savage Dissonance deforms the strain.
Some modern dames, indeed, have thought it sweeter
To stretch the couplet to a triplet metre;
Our code disclaims this license of the time,
Firm for one couplet and one echoing rhyme.

Long time entangled in the wedded noose,
The city husband and his cackling goose,
Half-tir'd, half-pleas'd, without delight or strife,
Still, side by side, they waddle on thro' life:

This drowsy pair we hold not up to view
As a complete example to pursue:
We wish the men would rather look on high,
And note the lark that warbles to the sky.
Nature to this sweet bird alone has given,
To wake his carol at the gate of heav'n;
Yet, 'midst the pride of his extatic strain,
His faithful breast recals the humble plain,
And sinking from the splendor of the skies,
He joyous to his little mansion flies;
'Lights with gay pinion on his low-built nest,
Where all his pleasures, all his wishes rest.

Say, does our code, too selfishly inclin'd,
Allow no absence of the length'ning kind?
Yes! long privations we are doom'd to bear,
And for our husbands shed the lonely tear;
While for our Country's cause they plough the main
To crush the perfidy of France and Spain!

When the rude voice of battle shall be mute,
And they return from Valour's proud pursuit;
The English wife a garland shall prepare,
Breathing the perfume of the summer air.
Unlike those *high, too-fashionable* bays,
Which husbands wear in our degenerate days;
But gay with roses and with heart's-ease join'd—
Those emblems of the pure, delighted mind.

On seeing some beautiful Lines

WRITTEN BY THE

MARCHIONESS of STAFFORD,

On the Death of the late Marquis.

.....

THUS falls the stately Oak, which long had stood
The pride, the honour, of th' extensive wood:
While the majestic form impress'd the ground,
While the dark forest breath'd a murm'ring sound!
Aurora op'd the portal of the sky,
And view'd the ruin with a mournful eye:
Then spoke---" Oh! be thou still to memory dear,"
And on the branches dropt the embalming tear.

LINES

ON

LORD CASTLE-ROSS

Having obtained Two Prize Medals at the College of Old Hall Green, Hertfordshire.

.....

HAIL to the youth! who round his honour'd name
Entwines the blushing wreath of early fame;
Who, urging onward in his first career,
Gives like the spring an earnest of the year!

Hail to the school, whose bright instructive ray
Pours on the opening mind a flood of day;
Whose precepts each subliming thought impart,
Refine, exalt, and dignify the heart:
Where Science, Virtue, Loyalty, reside,
To form each youth his Country's future pride.

TO

Mrs. M * * *,

On the Recovery of her Voice.

.....

HARK! the lost accents touch the gladden'd
The voice of candour, and of mirth I hear:
Words that delight without the aid of art,
And to each breast a secret charm impart.
From darkness thus returns Aurora's ray,
Diffusing light, and all the world is gay.

LINES

Addressed to the Horse of the Right Honourable Lady Cawdor.

.....

Proud of thy charge, O rare distinguish'd steed!
Pursue thy easy way with quick'ning speed:
Yet still observant of the prompting rein,
That guides thy airy movement o'er the plain.
Should'st thou with one false step betray thy trust,
Grace, wit, and beauty, would be laid in dust.

TO THE

COUNT DE VERLAC,

On his Translation of the Poem,

"THE FUNERAL OF ARABERT."

.....

HAIL to the Bard! who o'er my humble theme
Hath shed a warm irradiating beam,
Who on my muse from forth his mental store,
Breathes many a grace she could not boast before.

Th' ingrâfted tree thus lifts her cheerful head,
And waves her branches with new honours spread:
Proud of her foliage, proud of fruit unknown,
Of fragrance, tints, and colors scarce her own.

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF MRS. JERNINGHAM,

BY

HOPNER.

.....

HERE Art with Nature, fearful to offend,
Asks only to appear as Nature's friend;
To show to Time, when Nature's gifts decay,
Th' excelling Beauty of the present day.

WRITTEN AT THE TOMB
OF
EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

O flow'r of Chivalry! O valour's stay!
O miracle of England's earlier day!
By *pleasing* awe, and holy musing led,
A Bard now visits thy sepulchral bed.
Ah! not the torrent of thy bright career,
Nor close thy victories and honours here:
When her red bolts Destruction's arm shall wield,
And Time to dread Eternity shall yield!
Thou from the little slumber of the tomb
Shalt start—renew'd in youth's and beauty's bloom;
And with thy virtues warring on thy side,
Sublimely borne on Air's ascending tide,
'Midst men, 'midst angels, to thy triumph giv'n,
Shall burst the radiant gates, and conquer heav'n.

To MISS B....Y,

On her Return from Italy.

.....

Tho' Wit's bright sun your sportful thoughts display,
And on your converse darts a dazzling ray!
Yet still we praise your magic's softer pow'r,
When easy friendship smooths the social hour;
When o'er another's pain dispensing balm,
You round your bower diffuse a heart-felt calm!
Thus in your summer mind at once are seen,
Italia's sky, and Albion's soothing green.

LINES

Addressed to the Muse.

.....

Tell me, thou dear celestial Maid!
To whom I have long homage paid,
What attribute shall I bestow,
What praises from these lips shall flow?
To hail, salute, adorn, and greet
The mistress of a proud retreat,*
Where Honour of the ancient school,
Maintains its unsuspended rule;
Where Virtue wont so pure to run
Thro' many an age, from sire to son

* Oxburgh, Norfolk

THE ANSWER.

.....

" Say not, her blushing smile to raise,
" She's Wisdom's child----'Tis vulgar praise:
" Nor say, that various talents spread
" A triple wreath around her head.

" Call Fancy to pourtray the fair,
" And Truth, to check her hand, be there:
" Now bid the limner Fancy trace,
" With pencil light, each mental grace:
" Behold! she decks the task enjoin'd,
" And paints the features of the mind!
" Delighted on the cheek to throw
" Unalter'd friendship's warmest glow;
" To form acute the list'ning ear,
" Affliction's distant sigh to hear.

" Now, as destroying half she plann'd,
" See! Fancy, with obscuring hand,
" Flings (as of too much praise afraid)
" O'er many a moral charm a shade:
" The limner, now more bold and free,
" Displays an emblematic key,
" Whose whisp'ring mysteries reveal,
" The pow'r thro' every heart to steal."

LINES

ON

"THE BAVIAD:"

AND

"THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE."

" That falls out often, Madam, that he that thinks himself
" a matter WIT, is a matter FOOL."

BEN JONSON'S SILENT WOMAN.

LINES

ON

"THE BAVIAD,"

&c.

.....

'TIS said, that when of late the Gallic Host*
With spreading sails approach'd the Cambrian coast,
An ardent Welchman---at the sight impress'd---
Swore, stamp'd, and fum'd; by rage and fear possess'd:
As nearer still advanc'd the hostile train,
Resistless fury fir'd the Welchman's brain;

* 1797.

And now each day he haunts the pebbly strand
The self-appointed guardian of the land:
Does any vessel his wild vision meet,
The maniac loud exclaims "*The fleet! The fleet!*"

Thus, like our TAFFY, acts the *Baviad Muse!*
Who, with fell rage, the Cruscan Tribe pursues;
Yet to degrade all other Bards he pants,
Frets, bounces, bullies, rages, rhymes, and rants!
Does any Poet wound his jealous eyes,
The maniac "*Crusca, Della Crusca!*" cries.
Oft have I seen, light-tossing on the main,
A small bark, steering to APOLLO's fane;
Whose pilot rear'd no meretricious sail,
To play and wanton with the flutt'ring gale:
No gold-wing'd CUPIDS hover'd o'er the prow,
To welcome VENUS rising from below:
This undeck'd galley, innocent of pride,
Puny'd her voyage thro' the swelling tide:

That *first*, that *last*, that ONLY safe resource—
To NATURE trusting for a happy course!
Yet then, impatient of this humble prize,
The rhyming maniac "*Della Crusca!*" cries.

Say, shall this mock high priest of Censure's band
Presume to fling his *Vetos* o'er the land?
Did Nature call him to her holy fane?
Or Genius, with infusing hand, ordain?
Say,—does th' inspiring spirit of the sky,
VATICINATION, swell his pregnant eye?
No prophet's mantle, flutt'ring thro' the air,
Fell on our Cynic as th' appointed heir:
But he inherits, from some kindred mind,
A short rough jerkin of the drugget kind.

At first, our author his great name withdrew,
Prudish and coy to meet the public view;

Suffus'd with blushes of the virgin bride,
With soft refusal, and with modest pride;
And sweet reluctant amorous delay
Prettily shrinking from the garish day:
Now the fond witling, eager for applause,
Tears with intrepid hand th' injurious gauze;
Bursts on the town, and bids the world admire
The matchless works of BILLY GIFFARD, *'Squire*.

If each bold Village-Hampden may withstand
The little tyrant of his little land;
May not the Muse, with equal right, maintain
The long-earn'd honours of her small domain?
Ye great departed shades! who, when on earth,
Hail'd, with benign applause, the Muse's birth;
O CHESTERFIELD! O CHATHAM's sacred sire!
O GRAY! thou lord of the enchanting lyre!
Beneath your fost'ring praise, a lowly muse
Smil'd, like the flow'ret fed with heav'nly dews;

nd shall this flow'ret perish in her noon,
eneath the dull-ey'd peasant's clouted shoon?

When CHURCHILL enter'd on the critic war,
/ith thunder clothing his loud-crushing car;
ho' party-zeal inflam'd his iron heart,
nd prejudice sharp pointed ev'ry dart;
/ith glowing thoughts, his mind profusely teem'd;
nd, on his burnish'd armour, Genius beam'd:
eanwhile, th' illumin'd spirit, from her throne
eheld his course, and "mark'd him for her own."

But no such honours our defamer grace---
ıe low-bred snarler of the mongrel race!
h! may no muse, whom Nature bids aspire,
ırink, when this cens'rer boils with jaundic'd ire!
ıis vaticide! whom Truth and Taste discard;
ıis growling *Zoilus!* this male *Poissarde!*

Image of SYCORAX, constrained to stoop,
By Envy's pang distorted to a hoop!

Ah! may the heav'n-born Muse, still unappall'd,
Her hymns prepare in Virtue's choir install'd;
With honest pride her rightful claim assert,
And rise aloft, disdaining critic dirt.
---Thus the fair Lote-tree, in Egyptian clime,
Lifts her gay head above th' unhallow'd slime;
While, hovering o'er her form, th' inspiring pow'r
* Breathes on her leaves, and wakens every flow'r!

---

* No allusion has been made in the preceding Lines to the Translation of Juvenal, by the Author of the Baviad, because I have not read the Translation, and was deterred from the perusal of it, by the very learned, ingenious, and keen strictures inserted in the Critical Review; to which strictures the Author attempted a reply, and in a long, tedious, prolix pamphlet, *laboriously* endeavoured to vindicate his Translation,

"And wrote about it Goddess, and about it."

The Dunciad.

NOW from the *Bavian Muse*, we turn away,
nd to the other Bard direct our lay:
'ho, like *Guy Faux*, conceal'd within his cell,
rm'd with a sulph'rous torch *allum'd* in hell;
rdent to blow, with his destructive aim,
o airy nothing, many a splendid name;
nd now exulting views, thro' Fancy's eye,
owls, Scarfs, Lawn-sleeves, and Mitres tost on high;
ritics and Playwrights, Poetesses fair,
ivines and Lawyers, sprawling in the air!
his gaudy vision that adorns his theme,
but the stuff that forms a turbid dream:
e wakes, but to lament his poor device;
nd is himself the fool of Paradise.

Our active zealot, hast'ning to the field,
rasps, with profaning hand, Faith's hallow'd shield.

Such half-fac'd champions the Great Cause disdains
Who forge malignant Persecution's chains;
Within whose bosom, cold as Alpine snow,
No heav'n is kindled, and no seraphs glow!

Behold Religion, daughter of the sky!
Soft rays of mercy beaming from her eye!
With cautious steps she shuns the bruised reed,
And sooths the heart Misfortune dooms to bleed!
Our ruffian zealot stains her heav'nly face;
Blurs ev'ry feature, cancels ev'ry grace;
Rends from the brow of the immortal Fair
Her white-rose wreath, and stamps a blister there.

The reverend victims of Tyrannic sway
Crowd to our coast, and breathe our milder day:
An injur'd, firm, disinterested band,
Whose hallow'd footsteps sanctify our land;

On these meek martyrs of the general cause,
(Tho' haply rul'd by less enlighten'd laws)
Our holy Vandal, with resistless pow'r,
Wou'd the full storm of fierce Destruction show'r;
Yes, he would rouse Intol'rance from her sleep,
And from the saving breast of England sweep
The noblest images of God below;
Men plung'd, for Virtue's sake, in deepest woe:
But Britain scorns the persecutor's pray'r,
And his wild war-whoop scatters into air.

As the kind Father of the human race,
Whose awful Wisdom in each path we trace,
Some soft prevailing antidote bestows
On ev'ry weed and noxious herb that grows!
So of infuriate men to check the force
Of their mad schemes, to stay th' intemperate course,
He in his mercy gave a King, whose breast
Glows and expands to innocence distress'd;

With Ministers of high enlighten'd mind,
Friends of the weak, and lovers of mankind:
And gave fam'd Oxford, whose religious hand
Extends her tribute to the suffering band.

See the fierce zealot, with unhallow'd rage,
Profane the shrine of our departed Sage: *
That shrine, where Memory her vigil keeps!
Where Patience murmurs, and Affection weeps!
Where Friendship with an heart-felt homage bends!
Where Grief (the nation's delegate) attends!
---" Endow'd with all that Nature's pow'rs dispense,
(She cries aloud) " Thou Jove of Eloquence!
" Whose arm omnipotent, by Virtue strung,
" The daring thunderbolts of Genius flung:
" Thou Day-spring, from whence flow'd a radiant gleam,
" While democratic darkness curs'd the beam!

* Edmund Burke.

" Resplendent Moralist! what Honour plann'd,
" Thy warning voice diffus'd around the land:
" On thee my fond regret shall ever dwell;
" O Guardian!—Champion!—Friend!—farewell,
" farewell!"

Is, then, this *Cerberus* at the gates of Fame,
Accurs'd and void of ev'ry honest claim?
Tho' weak to reach the awful depth on high,
And with th' undaunted eagle cleave the sky:
On the bright God of Day unblenching gaze,
Kindling his vision at the noon-tide blaze!
Yet, would he but observe (intent to please)
How Nature marries *Elegance* and *Ease*:
(For oft along his path, devoid of grace,
The splay-foot of Vulgarity we trace:)
Would he apply, ere he prepares to hit,
The patient chisel to his cumb'rous wit:

Would he, with Truth's keen-glittering sun-beam, pierce
The film of prejudice that clouds his verse!
Himself subdue! his own *familiar* thwart,
And tear the foul fiend *Rancour* from his heart:
He might become a heav'n-commission'd sage,
To mark our errors and instruct the age.

So the grim rock, that hides his baneful form
Beneath the swelling of the ocean storm;
When Time, that sways the world, shall interfere,
And bid the waves pursue a new career;
---That baneful rock his lurking mansion leaves,
Full to the view a pond'rous mountain heaves:
And now, no more the mariner's dismay,
Befriends his course, and points the safer way.

NOTES.

"Who forge malignant Persecution's chains."
(Page 104.)

THE principle of Toleration, that brilliant in the diadem of our ecclesiastical polity, this Protestant Capuchin would sully with his contaminating breath. This philosopher, at the close of the eighteenth century, wakes the old cracked trumpet of religious alarm. The man who has the folly to assert, that the existence of some unendowed nunneries among us will endanger the established church, may as well imagine a strong wall can be thrown down by a handful of flowers.

When the Hugonots fled for refuge to this Country after the Revocation of the Edict of

Nantes, several pamphleteers, instigated by the same spirit which inflames this Gentleman, endeavoured to disturb the reception they met with from Government. Those advocates for persecution contended, that the Hugonots entertained principles hostile to monarchy; that their dismission from France was to be imputed equally to their political as to their religious opinions: but the wisdom of Government was as deaf to their remonstrances then, as the reigning Administration is now to the clamours of such short-sighted scribblers.

——— "OXFORD, whose religious hand,
"Extends her tribute to the suffering band."
(Page 106.)

The University of Oxford, with a liberality and an expansion of sentiment that cannot be sufficiently applauded, presented to each of the French Clergy a New Testament in Latin. The book was printed in conformity to the text approved of by Urban the Eighth. This is a circumstance peculiarly delicate: it enhances the donation, and breathes, as it were, the perfume of mental charity.

" Profane the shrine of our departed Sage!"
(Page 106.)

The same hypocritical veil I mentioned before is made use of, with regard to Mr. Burke: under the appearance of commendation, this writer insinuates the odium he wishes to cast on that eminent personage. He approves, in a note, of the pension that was given him; which he condemns, in the Poem, as offered with a view to a bribe--.

"Who calm'd the terror of Burke's claws in gold!"

A little before this country had the misfortune to lose that great man, this critic expressed a wish that Mr. Burke would put an end to his literary labours, though it was universally acknowledged that the same vivid genius flamed on his later effusions which glowed in his earlier productions.

LINES

TO THE

MEMORY OF MRS. DUFF.

.....

To this sad grave no common grief invites,
No stale display of sanctimonious rites;
Domestic virtues here, a drooping band,
Around the hallow'd spot despairing stand:
And here their lov'd departed mistress mourn,
From the fond youth of her affection torn:
Torn from gay life's short scene, in morning's bloo
To feed the jaws of the relentless tomb.

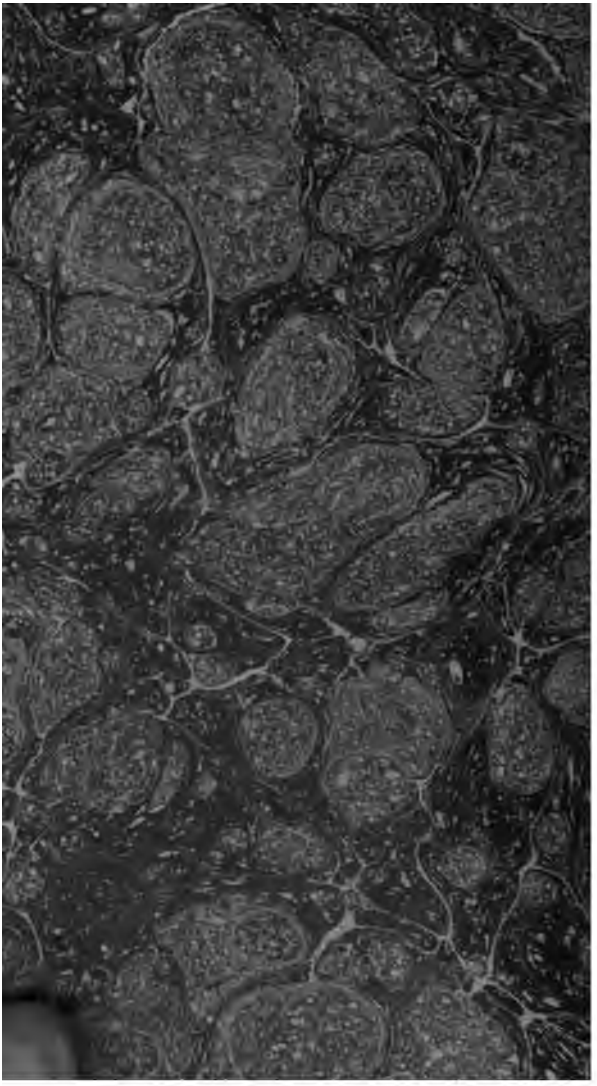
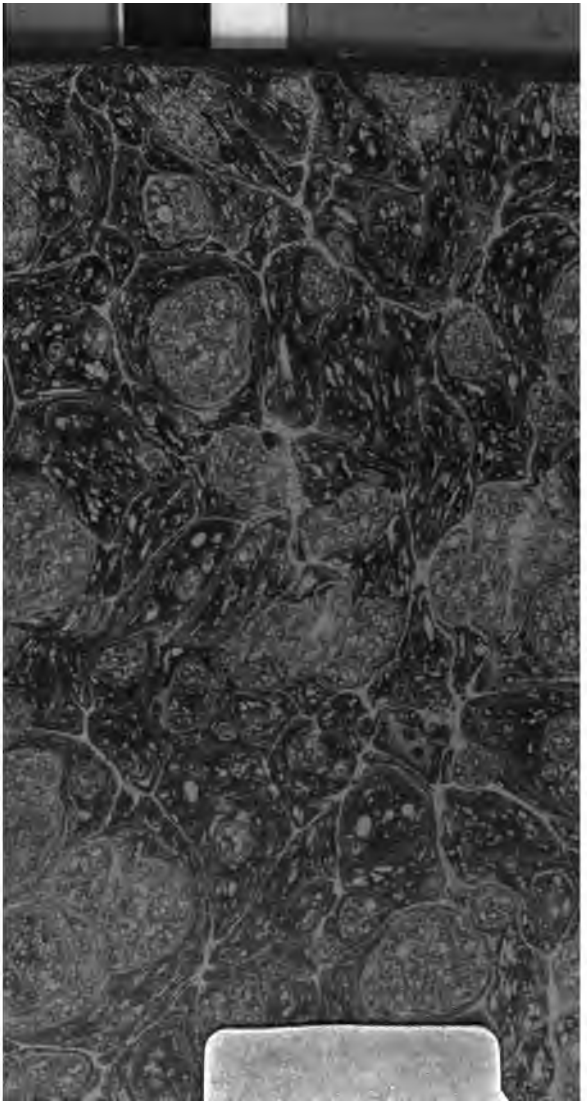
Ah! when she fell beneath Death's tyrant pow'r
The polish'd world then lost its beauteous flow'r:
In whose blest frame were happily combin'd,
The feeling bosom, and th' illumin'd mind:

A spirit finely touch'd by Nature's hand,
Prompt to perform when Virtue gave command;
Prompt on Affliction's wound to pour relief,
And bind the bleeding artery of Grief.

Friendship exclaim'd, while bursting tears ran o'er,
'My prime, my stedfast favourite, is no more.'
Affection, to the bosom still more dear,
Shrunk at th' event, and dropt her warmest tear;
Religion rais'd her sacred hand on high!
And said---'see Innocence ascend the sky!'

ON THE

DEATH OF Mr. PITT.

O MATCHLESS Eloquence, with Wisdom join'd!
O splendid Honor of the human mind!
O sun-like Orb, which cheer'd the public eye!
At thy extinction, Nature heav'd a sigh;
She met thy birth with gifts unknown before,
And o'er thy soul diffus'd a lavish store:
Yet then those gifts from others to withhold,
With jealous hand she crush'd the heav'nly mould.

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